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A FREE

W·I·L·L·O·W  
MODEL

FROM

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CORN FLAKES

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MARVEL®  
24th Dec 88

NO28 38p  
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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

FEATURING...

The  
**GHOST**  
THAT WASN'T  
REALLY  
**GHOST**

AT ALL!

GHOST?

WHAT  
GHOST?

WE  
DIDN'T  
SEE ANY  
GHOST!





Christmas is almost with us and there's only one way to pass those pre-Yuletide days and that's to put your feet up and get stuck into issue twenty-eight of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**. However, even at Christmas, an emergency is still an emergency for The Ghostbusters, and this week they get called out to a truly electrifying bust when a music fan finds that it's not just the title of his *Ghostie Boys* cassette that has a supernatural ring to it in **Ghettoblaster!** It's showdown time for Winston and his most unfavourite Gremlin in **Grudge Gremlin, The Final Conflict**, but the Gremlin isn't the only one with a chip on his shoulder. Peter gets out of the wrong side of his bed in **Sleepy Slimer!** Will Slimer end up spending his Christmas in the containment unit? There's only one way to find out! Read on...

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## FREE GIFT THIS ISSUE

As we're sure you've already noticed, issue twenty-eight of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** has brought you a fabulous free gift as an early Christmas present. This great character model from the latest block-busting film **Willow**, comes not from Santa Claus, but from **KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES**. There are nine different **Willow** models to collect and if you collect the full set, you can slot the stage screens together to make a brilliant 3-D model. So here's your first **Willow** character to start you on your way. Further models are available in the specially flashed packs of **KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES**.



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



INSIDE THE SHOWER...

I WON'T STAND FOR IT... SLIME IN THE SHOWER... SLIME IN THE FRIDGE... IT'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!

BUBBLE BUBBLE... LIFE ON, BUBBLE, THE OCEAN WAVEYSS BUBBLE!

HEY!

RIGHT! OUT OF THERE NOW!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?... CAN'T A MAN EVEN TAKE A SHOWER ROUND HERE IN PEACE?

SORRY, WINSTON... I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE!

IT SOUNDS LIKE SLIMER IS MESSING UP THE SINK... HE ALWAYS SPLASHES WATER AND SLIME ALL OVER THE PLACE...

I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO EAT ALL MY TOOTHPASTE... HE HE HE!

IN THE BATHROOM...

TAKE THAT! SLIMER... YOU ECTO-SLOB BLOB!

GOOD MORNING, PETER... A MOST UNUSUAL START TO THE DAY!

EGON! WHOOPS!





*Kellogg's*  
**CORN FLAKES**  
**W·I·L·L·O·W**  
 PROMOTION

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A FILM OF MAGIC AND ADVENTURE—  
THE TRIUMPH OF GOOD OVER EVIL

Here is the plot of the new exciting film—*Willow*—read on and you will be transported to a land of witches, danger and adventure.

Many years ago, in a strange and magical land, the cruel and heartless Queen Bavmorda reigned with dark sorcery and spells.

An old and wise prophet had warned Queen Bavmorda that one day a beautiful baby girl would be born who, when grown-up would bring about her defeat. Queen Bavmorda would recognise the child by a strange shaped birthmark on her arm. A prisoner in Queen Bavmorda's dungeon has a baby girl who bears the very same birthmark. Queen Bavmorda orders her immediate death.

The good people trapped in Bavmorda's castle hide the girl Elora Dernan, so that the evil Queen can not carry out her grisly threat. The race is on to keep Elora away from Queen Bavmorda's deadly clutches. Willow Ufgood, a wacky magician and member of the Nodwynd tribe of little people is given the near-impossible task of protecting Elora and delivering her to the Castle of Sir Adreen, the only safe place in the kingdom.

Willow, with the help of Madmartigan, a renegade warrior and expert swordman and Fin Rascall, a good sorcerer, help Elora Dernan evade Queen Bavmorda's evil, but not before he has nearly lost his own life on several occasions. This film is full of smash-busting adventure that will capture the imagination of every child. *Willow*, directed by George Lucas, is family entertainment at its best.

**KELLOGG'S IS GIVING AWAY FABULOUS WILLOW MODELS  
IN EVERY SPECIAL PACK OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES**

Kellogg's, the number one name in breakfast cereals is running a great promotion from November 1988—March 1989.

Inside every specially flushed pack of *Kellogg's Corn Flakes*, there are free picture models of all the favourite *Willow* characters, including Willow himself, Madmartigan, Franjtan, Root, Queen Bavmorda, General Kael and lots more. Each picture model comes complete with a scene from the movie and there's nine models to collect in all. Once you have the full set, the scene pieces all fit together like a jigsaw puzzle and the models then stand in specially positioned slots to give a great 3-D scene.

Now that you know something about the amazing adventures of *Willow*, why not start collecting the nine *Willow* picture models that are being given away in specially flushed packs of *Kellogg's Corn Flakes* in the shops now.

Willow—the magic lies within.



**FOR YOUR FREE WILLOW MODELS, LOOK OUT FOR  
SPECIAL WILLOW KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES  
PACKS IN THE SHOPS NOW!**



# SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

## GREMLINS

Thought by many to be the headquarters of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow, Gremlins, are in fact, small, annoying spirit-beings dedicated to the sabotage of everyday human life.

They frustrate the best laid plans of mice and men (but mostly men), cause machinery to fail and falter, and generally play silly whatsits with us living folk all because of some ridiculous anti-human grudge, the reason for which they have long since forgotton.

## Appearance

Gremlins are hypnotically attracted by machinery and delight in finding out how it works (usually by taking it apart until it stops working). They may also appear if a recitation is made of the notorious occult text, *The Revelations of Sploft*. If anyone speaks or writes down the dreaded eleventh verse, the Gremlins turn up before you can say "Gracious! My dishwasher has exploded!" and proceeds to do what it does best. ie. Play silly whatsits with us living folk.

I'm sorry, I really am. It appears to be safe to type now. Maybe the Gremlin has got bored with playing around with this typewriter. Great! I should have known better, I guess, than to quote *Sploft* so casually.



## PART 28

I hate being played silly whatsits with. Never mind, now it's safe, I can go on! As I was sayink. Saying. Gremlins are very difficul. Difficult to get rid of. They hang around for agez and agez. Ages and ages!

Oh dear, this ois most dis-trubing. I donut no wot two du two prevent the compleet disrupshon of thiz weak's Spirit Gide. Thiz duznt yozyoualley hapn.

Ime zxarting to zound like Zlima!

Hilp!

Hilp! Hap hap hap hap wiggawigga-wigga wiggawigga-wiouooooo-oooooooo!

I'm honestly not typing any of thiz. Flerp!

That doz it.

IM' off. See you nuzxt wok.

In case your edition of *The Revelations of Sploft* isn't annotated, the part to avoid is: "Cold, amber light! And the whirring sudsy spin that intones wugacha wugacha wugacha and drives out the dark signs and ground in - dirt from all man-made fibres! Come forth Spolts (this is an urdu word for 'Gremlin', or, more literally, 'ugly little mutt with a grudge who plays silly whatsits with other peoples' business'.) and delve into the wiry bits behind the cold white fascia and rend all the soldering asunder! Release the venom of your grudge! Become a cursed abomination for all living folk! Play silly whatsits!"

Never ever say or write this bit, or you'll be plagued by a load of grumlins. I'm sorry... I'll tripe that agate.

Bether! I appore to hulve invested my tippllywrotter with a gribblin... I mean a gruxflim... a grigglemmmmmmn wot! Flerp! Wiggawigga-wiouooooo!

Gittink red ov a grimim Iv u R betherred be a grimniklot, thu furzt thing two dwo iz rung ip the REENAL GHOOB-LUBBERS. Inn a zplut zekond, oui will zoom round to yor hows and do r veree veree bezt to blast the gripiipipinplee! Flerp! Wot! Wiggawigga-wiggawigga-wiouooooooooooooo-

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## GRUDGE GREMLIN... THE FINAL CONFLICT!

HOSTBUSTERS' HQ...

I'M TELLING  
YOU, GUYS, I'M BEING  
PLAGUED BY A GRUDGE  
GREMLIN!

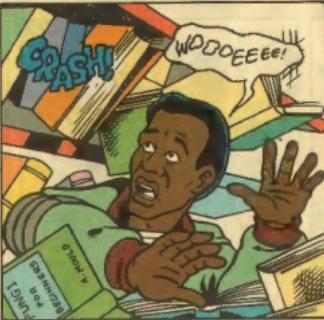


WELL, EGON, IT STARTED WHEN I CAUGHT THAT GREMLIN MESSING WITH MY MAIL! I ZAPPED IT AND BEFORE I COULD TURN AROUND, IT VANISHED. EVER SINCE, IT'S BEEN OUT TO GET ME!

LOOK, WINSTON, A GREMLIN'S JUST A GREMLIN! IT'S PROBABLY YOUR SHOOTING THAT'S OUT!

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NO, PETER, THIS SOUNDS LIKE A SPECIAL CASE... I'LL SEE WHAT TOBIN SAYS ABOUT GREMELINISE!





# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your  
jokes! Send 'em  
to: SLIME TIME  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



What's green with red spots?  
*Slimer with measles!*  
—Colin Shepherd, Northants

When do Banshees howl?  
*On Moanday nights!*

When do monsters eat you?  
*On Chewsday lunchtimes!*

When do Vampires bite you?  
*On Wincedays!*

When do Vampires crave for  
blood?  
*On Thirstdays!*

When do Cannibals cook you?  
*On Friedays!*

What is the only day of the  
week you're safe?  
*Sitterdays, because that's the  
day they eat the baby-sitter  
instead!*  
—Peter Belsom, Hounslow

Who did The Ghostbusters buy  
their cookies from?  
*The Ghoul-guides!*  
—Stuart Crozier, Cornwall

What is pink, has a curly tail  
and drinks blood?  
*A hampire!*  
—Michael Stride, Camberwell

Who is the ghost on The  
Starship Enterprise?  
*Mr. Spook!*  
—Luke Croll, Sheerness

What's the best way to make  
friends with a Werewolf?  
*Buy him a box of dog biscuits!*  
—Stuart Lindsay, Sunderland

Why couldn't the skeleton pay  
his bus fare?  
*Because he was skinned  
(skint)!*  
—Michael Taylor, Lothian

What did the mother monster  
say to her son when he went  
out on Hallowe'en?  
*Be scareful tonight!*  
—Hamid Reza Esfahanian,  
Cheshire

Who wrote *The Omen*?  
*B. Warned!*  
—Steven Jacobson, Cheshire

What is a monster's favourite  
society?  
*The Consumers' Association!*  
—Scott Campbell, Fife

What does a monster have for  
breakfast?  
*Bacon and legs!*  
—Gordon Stewart, Edinburgh

What class did Slimer go to?  
*A class five, free-roaming  
vapour!*  
—Simon Meakin, Anglesey

Where does the Devil bend his  
arm?  
*At the hell-bow!*  
—Daniel Reid, London

"Mummy, Mummy, why is  
Daddy so pale?"  
*"Shut up, and keep digging!"*  
—Andrew Fosker, Harpenden

"Doctor, Doctor, my Werewolf  
just swallowed a machine  
gun!"  
*"For goodness sake, don't  
point him at me!"*  
—Garry Newman, Gode

# The GHOST

THAT WASN'T  
REALLY

# GHOST

AT ALL!



Janine Melnitz shuddered slightly. She was alone in the Ghostbusters' HQ's reception area. Why then, did she feel as though someone had just left the room? Then, she noticed the man who had actually been standing in front of her desk for a good five minutes.

He was a small man, with hair of an indistinct colour and eyes to match. His tie was a similar shade of whatever colour this might be called. He could be described as middle-aged—then again, thought Janine, he might be almost any age at all. Fighting a sudden impulse to yawn she thumbed through her appointment book and realised with horror that she had already forgotten what the man looked like. She glanced back at him sharply. "M-my name is Henry Krinkel," he said, in a tremulous voice reminiscent of background noise. "I'd like . . . well, I'd like you to bust me."

"It's not natural!" said Peter Venkman, pacing back and forth. "I mean, we're The Ghostbusters and everything, but . . ."

"What Peter's trying to say, mister. . . .er. . ." interrupted Ray Stantz. "Krinkel," said the man, in a voice so quiet that it was almost necessary to press an ear to his ribcage to hear it at all. "Whatever," said Ray. "Fact is, most of the ghosts we bust at least put up some kind of a fight first!"

"This just doesn't usually happen," explained Egon Spengler. "I'd feel terrible!" said Peter. "It's like the turkey handing you the axe on Christmas Day!"

"I could run away," offered Henry Krinkel. "You could bust me as I was trying to escape!"

"That's not the point!" said Peter, exasperated.

"It's just that I'm so fed up with wandering the Earth not being seen by anybody," said Henry Krinkel, his pale, nondescript eyes misting over. "It all began about six months ago. . . ."

"Is this like the bit in films where the picture goes all wobbly around the edges?"

"Shhh, Winston."

"It was a morning like any other," said Henry Krinkel sadly. "Except that when I woke up, I found that my wife had made the bed while I was still in it! I laughed about it until I

saw my reflection in the bathroom mirror, because. . . . because. . . ."



"Yes?" said Janine half-heartedly, studying her nails. Peter was twiddling his thumbs and staring out of the window. Ray was asleep. Egon was counting the number of cobwebs on the ceiling and multiplying them by his shoe size, and Winston was already halfway down the corridor whistling *Greensleeves*.

"Don't all fall off the edge of your seats," said Henry Krinkel sulkily. "Anyway, when I looked at my reflection in the bathroom mirror I realised that I could see the wallpaper pattern through my chest! I was completely transparent, like a. . . like a. . ."

"Ghost," prompted Janine, with an impatient sigh.

"Yes! Then my car wouldn't start—it just sat there like a great lump of metal when I turned the key. I called four cabs, and one-by-one they didn't turn up. I had to walk to the office, and absolutely everyone in the street walked right into me like I wasn't even there!" Henry Krinkel paused for effect. He didn't seem to be having any, and so he resumed his story.

"When I got to the office My secretary asked me who I thought I was staring at and who was I anyway, and someone had turned my office into a broom cupboard! Then I realised that I'd forgotten who I was, so I

checked my name in the signing-in book. It was fading away, like I'd written it in weak tea, or something!"

"It's been like that ever since. Mostly, people don't even see me. I ring up my old friends and they say "Hello? Hello?" like the line's gone dead. I'm so lonely, I don't even mind spending all eternity in an ecto-containment chamber. At least I'd have someone to talk to!" Henry Krinkel looked sadly at the floor. "Um" said Janine.

"Sorry, what?" said Peter, as though awaking from a daydream. Ray snored loudly, and Winston was nowhere to be seen. "Sixty-three," said Egon triumphantly.

"I don't know what I did to deserve all this," Henry Krinkel was saying, as The Ghostbusters emerged later from their staff meeting carrying Proton Packs. "All I ever did in my life was watch TV and talk about football! What's so terrible about that?"

"Just a minute," said Egon, his brow creasing in a scientific frown. "There's no reading on my PKE meter! You're not even a ghost!"



"I've got to be!" spluttered Henry Krinkel. "I don't cast a shadow! I don't leave footprints! I put on two pullovers and a thick overcoat and people read bus timetables through me! What else can I be?"

"I'm afraid it's something much, much worse. Hubert old buddy," said Peter, clapping an arm around his thin, unsubstantial shoulders. "Henry," corrected Krinkel.

"Fascinating," said Egon. "Reality seems to be in the cumulative process of forgetting that you exist."

"The truth is," said Janine, stifling a yawn, "that you're just about the most boring man in the entire world..."

Despite the unfortunate circumstances of his visit, Henry Krinkel left the HQ with a broad grin on his face and a jaunty spring to his step, claiming that The Ghostbusters had changed his life. In one hand he carried two tickets to an ice hockey game and an impressive list of girls' phone numbers, a gift from Peter Venkman. In the other was a life membership of the *Dangerous Stunts club* and the address of a local lion-tamer, donated by Winston Zeddmore. Egon offered a copy of *Applied Recreational Integer Coordinates And Other Hard Sums*, but Henry Krinkel had read it already. As his small form waddled purposefully into the distance, Peter heaved a satisfied sigh and, turning to the other Ghostbusters said, "That's my good deed for the day. We sure gave him a good send-off, didn't we?"

"Who?" said the others, in chorus, but Peter found that he couldn't remember.

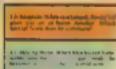


IT'S MEAN. IT'S DEADLY.  
IT'S ARRIVED...

THE TRANSFORMERS  
ANNUAL



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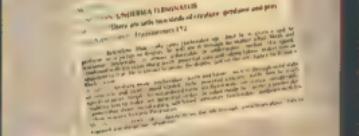
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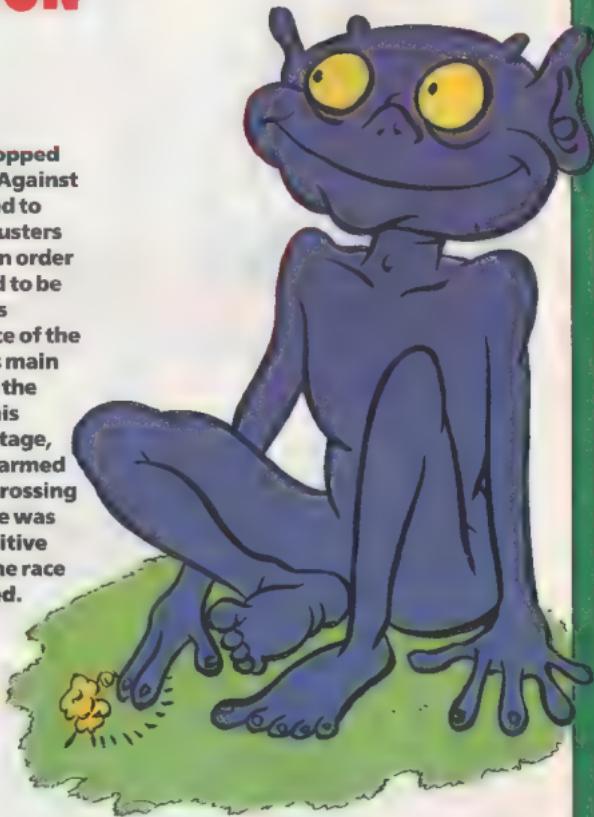
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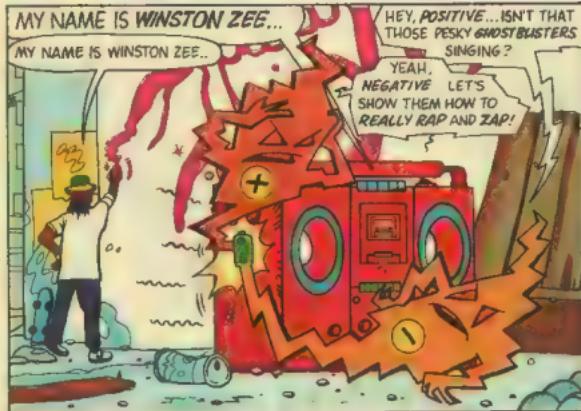
# THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION

The Spirit of Competition popped up during 'Sport Aid's Race Against Time'. Winston had managed to persuade his fellow Ghostbusters to enter the run for charity in order to get them fit. Ray, reputed to be the least fit of the team, was distracted by the appearance of the sprite. However, the spirit's main objective was to encourage the sense of competition and this proved to be to Ray's advantage, when he embarked in an unarmed chase, only to find himself crossing the finishing line first! There was no need to bust this competitive little sprite, because once the race was won, he simply vanished.



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



HELLO, SLIMER,  
HOW'S TRICKS?

SLIMER GOODY-FINE,  
BILLY BONES! HOW  
YOU BEE DOO BEE?



YOU LOOKYLIKE YOU PUTTY ON  
BITTY WEIGHT! HYUK! HYUK!



YOU CAN LAUGH! IT'S NO JOKE BEING WEIGHT  
WATCHER OF THE YEAR **EVERY** YEAR!

WEIGHTYWATCHER? YUK!!



OH NO! A DOG! HELP ME, SLIMER! LAST  
WEEK A DOG SNATCHED ONE OF MY LEGS  
AND TRIED TO **BURY** IT!!



HELP! EEEK! LEAVE  
ME ALONE YOU  
HUNGRY HOUND!

THIS LOOKYLIKE JOB  
FOR SLIMER! YUP!

ARF!  
ARF!



BOO!!

YIPE!

SCREECH!

THANK YOU, SLIMER! BUT I'M AFRAID IT  
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE ONE OF  
THOSE DAYS WHEN NOTHING  
GOES RIGHT!

HOW CAN-CAN  
YOU TELLY?



I CAN FEEL IT  
IN MY BONES!



IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME... THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID...

...OR IS THERE?



**NEXT ISSUE**

## A GREAT OFFER NOT TO BE MISSED!

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